

The Historie

Prin. Your money. *As they are sharing, the Prince and Poinet set upon them, they all runne away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the bootie behind them.*
Poin. Villaines.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: the theeues are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along, wer't not for laughing I should pittie him.

Poinet. How the rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to bee there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the respect of the loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous,

Why that's certaine, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower safetie.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named uncertaine, the time it selfe vnforced, and your whole plot too tight, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so. I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lacke-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, & full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frolicke spirited rogue is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the Action. Zounds and I were now by this rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my vnckle, and my selfe, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower: is there not besides the Dowglas haue I not all their letters to meete me in armes by the ninth of the next month; and are they not some of them set forward already? what a pagan rascall is this, and infidel? Ha, you shall see now in very sinceritie of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could deuide

6. are all scattered. Antepennult - is this, an infidel?

of Henry the fourth.

my selfe, & go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim milke with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king, we are prepared: I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*
How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two houres?

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence haue I this fortnight bin

A banisht woman from my Harries bed?

Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomake, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?

And start so often when thou sitst alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?

And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee

To thicke eyde musing, and curst melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,

And heard thee murmur tales of yron wars,

Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding steed,

Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talkt

Of sallies, and retyres of trenches, tents,

Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,

Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiours slaue,

And all the currents of a heddy fight,

Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,

And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,

That beds of sweat haue stood vpon thy brow

Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,

And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,

Such as we see when men restraine their breath,

On some great suddaine haste. O, what portents are these?

Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What horse, Roane? a cropeare, is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord.

D

Hot.